The

One Hundredth Anniversary
of the Birth of

Abraham Lincoln

Commemorative Services Atlanta, Georgia.







A PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN RESTING AGAINST THE FLAG.

The only decoration of the Church at this meeting.



Services in Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of

Abraham Lincoln

Arranged by Union and Confederate Veterans

Under the Auspices of O. M. Mitchel Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic



Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church South Atlanta, Georgia

Sunday Evening, February 14th, 1909



Published by "Blue" and "Gray" Veterans, 1909



PROGRAM

D. I. CARSON, CHAPLAIN

OF O. M. MITCHEL POST No. 1, G. A. R.

PRESIDING

Organ Prelude

Music . . . Choir of Trinity Church

Reading the Scripture

Rev. A. F. Sherrill, D.D., Dean of Atlanta Theological Seminary

Prayer

General Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief United Confederate Veterans

Reading Mr. Lincoln's Favorite Poem

"O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud"

Col. T. H. Jones, Camp A., Wheeler's Cavalry

Reading "The Gettysburg Address"

Brig. Gen. J. W. Scully, U. S. Army retired

Address . . . Rev. James W. Lee, D. D.

Hymn-"My Country 'tis of Thee'' - - Congregation

Benediction



FOREWORD.



HIS PAMPHLET contains a verbatim report of the proceedings at one of the most unique and patriotic meetings ever held in Atlanta.

An order was received by O. M. Mitchel Post No. 1 from the National

Headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic through the Headquarters of the Department of Georgia and South Carolina, directing, with reference to the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, February 12th, 1909, "That "every Post shall recognize the day in some fitting "manner, either in special meeting or in attendance "as a body where a public celebration is held."

This order having been read at the meeting of the Post on January 22, 1909, a Committee was appointed, consisting of the Commander, M. F. Bernhardt, the Chaplain, D. I. Carson, and Past Department Commander, C. F. Fairbanks, to arrange for a Commemorative Service thus indicated.

Rev. James W. Lee, D. D., Pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was invited to deliver the address. He cordially consented to do so, and agreed that the meeting should be held in his church.

An invitation was sent by the Committee to the five Camps of Confederate Veterans in the City of Atlanta, viz:

Atlanta Camp No. 159, Camp A, Wheeler's Cavalry, Camp W. H. T. Walker, No. 925, Camp Stonewall Jackson, No. 1581, Camp Tige Anderson, No. 1455.

The camps responded most cordially. Invitations were also sent to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and to officers of the United States Army at the Headquarters of the Department of the Gulf.

The following editorials appeared in the *Georgian* of February 13th, and in the *Constitution* of February 14th.

ALL UNDER ONE FLAG NOW.

Significant of something more than an interchange of formal courtesies is the acceptance by the local camps of Confederate Veterans of the invitation extended by the O. M. Mitchel Post of the Grand Army of the Republic to attend the memorial exercises in honor of Mr. Lincoln, to be held at Trinity Methodist Church on Sunday evening next.

The Georgian is uncompromisingly devoted to the traditions of the South.

On all the radiant pages which recall the story of the greatest war of modern times there is nothing of which the South has reason to blush.

And no deeper or truer lessons in patriotism can be taught to the youth of the land in either section than are taught by the examples of fortitude and by the illustrations of fidelity to principle which illuminate the Confederate annals.

But there is something fairly inspiring in this burial of sectional bitterness—in this death-knell to feudal animosities—in this splendid plea for national fraternity and good will.

Upon the memorial exercises in honor of Mr. Lincoln no less a representative of the heroic remnant of Lee's army than General Clement A. Evans, the commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, will offer the divine invocation.

It was this gallant soldier who, in the last charge of battle at Appomattox, commanded Gordon's immortal division and won an incidental victory on the same field which witnessed the furling of the conquered banner.

Colonel T. H. Jones, who was an officer in Wheeler's cavalry, will read Mr. Lincoln's favorite poem.

The address of the occasion will be delivered by Dr. James W. Lee, the distinguished pastor of the church; and Dr. Lee, both in his sympathies and in his antecedents, is typically Southern. He was too young to shoulder a musket; but his devotion to the cause which rose without shame and which fell without dishonor is known and tread of all men.

Yet the theme of Dr. Lee's eloquent eulogium on Sunday evening will be Abraham Lincoln.

Feebler and fainter are growing the bitter memories. Like the echoes of the bugle-horn, the answer which they return is Dying! Dying! Dying! And let them die, for the roses of battle borrow no fragrance from the thorns!—Georgian.

ATLANTA'S SIGNIFICANT TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

In the many hundreds of celebrations the country over incident to the centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, there are none which can compare in uniqueness or significance to that which, at Trinity church, in Atlanta, tonight will bring together in common cause to honor the memory of the great American, the veterans both of the blue and the grav.

Unquestionably in many of these gatherings there have assembled men and women of the South with those of the North and East and West; but here in a Southern city which the fortunes of war reduced to ashes will the survivors upon both sides of that conflict, who knew of its bitterness and miseries, come together to honor the memory of him who was commander-in-chief of the invading army.

Side by side the members of the Atlanta camps, United Confederate Veterans, will join with those of the Grand Army of the Republic, O. M. Mitchel Post No. 1, in tribute to Lincoln, the man, the American. General Clement A. Evans, commander-inchief of the United Confederate Veterans, will offer the opening prayer, followed by the reading of Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address." by General J. W. Scully, United States army, retired. Other veterans of North and South will alternate upon the program, and Rev. J. W. Lee will deliver the memorial address.

There could be no higher, more glorious evidence of a triumphantly restored nationalism.

Perhaps in no other nation of the world, within less than half a century after the extreme bitterness of civil conflict had been implanted in every breast, would such a gathering as this, in tribute to the leader of the conquering armies, be possible.

Animosities and prejudices must have disappeared when the defeated voluntarily unite in praise of him who, more than any other, had to do with the victory achieved.

Even the esteem and admiration in which men of the South, back to those who fought its battles, have always held the war President could not have sufficed to make such celebration possible, had it not been for the victory of fraternal spirit over the deep-rooted enmities of civil strife.

In this the South's victory is greatest, for it had not only to erase the enmities of war, but to crush and blot out the rankling bitterness of defeat.

How well and nobly it has done this could not be better evidenced than in the mutual tribute which Confederate survivors, together with those who stood in opposing ranks, will pay tonight to the most generous of enemies and the most abiding of friends.

Abraham Lincoln belongs to the whole United States.

His work was not sectional, but national, and that is the view which now, less than half a century following his tragic death, is almost full grown.

The celebration at Trinity church is timely in its conception and in its expression of the spirit of today—a spirit in which hand and heart unite in significance of the supremacy of the brotherhood of man.—Constitution.

The following reports were printed in the papers of February 15th.

Trinity church was packed to capacity last night by the vetans of the blue and the gray, their friends and relatives, who gathered to join in this unusual union service commemorating the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, which was generally celebrated throughout the United States on Friday,, February 12.

The exercises were decidedly the most interesting ever conceived in this city, and were unique in the annals of Atlanta.

So great was the interest in the service that every seat in the church was taken and several hundred people turned away for lack of space. The Confederate and Union veterans marched into the church together and took seats in front of the pulpit.

Dr. James W. Lee, a gifted speaker, and pastor of Trinity Methodist church, was selected as the orator for the occasion, and the panegyric pronounced upon the martyred President is one of the finest speeches Dr. Lee has ever made.

A true son of the South, he was not one whit untrue to his birth and beliefs, yet did full justice to the man in whose honor the meeting was held.

GENERAL EVANS TAKES PART.

Another most interesting figure at this wonderful gathering was that of General Clement A. Evans, commanding the United Confederate Veterans, who, as well as anyone else, had a cause to know Lincoln, for it was during the latter's life that he first won his spurs as a daring and dashing officer of the Confederacy.

He led the opening prayer, and it was as simple as it was sweet, and gave the entire services an atmosphere which was felt by all.

The program, which was carried out as printed, was arranged by a joint committee from the Confederate Veterans' Camps of the city and O. M. Mitchel Post No. 1, of the Grand Army of the Republic, and held under the auspices of the last named organization.

Sharing in point of honor the position taken in the services by General Evans was Brigadier General Scully, United States army, retired, who read Lincoln' "Gettysburg Address."

Speaking of the controversy which has arisen concerning the preparation of this address, General Scully said he was on the train which carried Lincoln from Baltimore to Gettysburg, and that he saw Lincoln writing an article which he believed to be the famous Gettysburg speech.

The choir of this church, composed of some of Atlanta's sweetest singers, had prepared a delightful program, which was rendered during the services. The entire audience joined in, with spirit, the singing of the concluding hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," which marked the complete reunion of those present.

At the conclusion of Dr. Lee's address Dr. M. J. Cofer rose and moved that the congregation extend to the orator a rising vote of thanks. This was done.—Constitution.

BLUE AND GRAY PAY LINCOLN TRIBUTE.

Unique Services Were Held Sunday Evening at Trinity Church.—Dr. Lee's Splendid Address.

One of the most unique services that has been chronicled since the days of the Civil War was that which called together, at Trinity Church in Atlanta, Sunday evening, the local veterans of the Blue with those of the Gray, in observance of the centenary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. Every seat in the church was taken. Those reserved for the veterans, immediately in front of the altar, were hardly sufficient for them when they entered in a body. All the other seats were filled, with families and relatives and friends of the veterans themselves. The large auditorium of the church was taxed to its capacity to hold the concourse of people.

General Clement A. Evans, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans, was a conspicuous figure of the ceremonial. It was he who pronounced the opening prayer—a simple and brief invocation of the Almighty's blessing. It was he, too, who as a young man more than forty years ago, had good reason to know that Lincoln lived, when as a brigadier general he fought valorously with Gordon, Georgia's chieftain, in the valley of Virginia.

Another conspicuous figure was Brigadier General J. W. Seully, U. S. A., retired, who read Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address."

Dr. Lee's Address.

Dr. James W. Lee, pastor of Trinity, delivered the panegyric on Lincoln that featured the occasion, and which is probably one of the most powerful speeches he has ever given utterance to. As a true son of the South Dr. Lee rendered homage and did full justice to the memory of the man in whose honor the occasion was, without necessity for traversing the traditions of his own people.

Trinity's choir, composed of some of the most excellent voices in the city, offered an excellent program. The audience joined with them in the singing of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," which was the concluding number on the program.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered Dr. Lee, upon conclusion of his address on Lincoln, on the motion of Dr. M. J. Cofer.—

Journal.

VETERANS OF BLUE AND GRAY OVERFLOW TRINITY CHURCH IN

CELEBRATION OF WAR PRESIDENT'S CENTENNIAL

ANNIVERSARY.

Several hundred persons were turned away from Trinity church Sunday evening, prevented by lack of space from attending the most unique service of its kind ever held in Atlanta, when the veterans who wore the blue and the veterans who wore the gray united in fraternal commemoration of the birth anniversary of the man who has been called "The greatest human of all time."

Leading participants in this remarkable gathering had been prominently arrayed on both sides of the great Civil struggle of more than two score years ago, while from the rank and file of their followers came hundreds of men who had honestly differed and manfully fought in that mighty war. Under one flag now, they came together to render fitting honor to the memory of the man who guided the destinies of the Union through its most trying period, the martyred war President, Abraham Lincoln.

And the leaders who contributed to the weight and solemnity of the occasion were worthy of the distinction carried by their selection. D. I. Carson, Chaplain of O. M. Mitchel Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, presided over the ceremonies with all the dignity of the occasion. Drs. Sherrill and Lee conducted the Scriptural portion of the exercises in a most impressive manner, while the magnificent address of the latter was the feature of the meeting. Then there was General Clement A. Evans, commander-in-chief United Confederate Veterans, whose military record is part of the history of Southern heroism, and following his prayer came the reading of Mr. Lincoln's favorite poem by Colonel Thompson Hardin Jones, poet, musician and soldier of the highest type, the veteran cavalryman who has the unique distinction of having served under the four great cavalry leaders of the Confederacy, Stuart, Morgan, Forrest and Wheeler. The

"Gettysburg Address," said to be the masterpiece of the language, was read by Brigadier General A. J. Scully, United States army, retired, who was on the train that carried Lincoln from Baltimore to Gettysburg on the occasion of his delivering the address, and who saw the President writing what is believed to have been the first draft of the famous discourse.

A suitable musical program was delightfully rendered by a choir selected for the event, and the entire audience united in singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" as a closing testimony of the unity of spirit so wonderfully evidenced by the meeting.

Dr. Lee's Address.

The address by Rev. Dr. J. W. Lee, pastor of the church, was an unusually beautiful tribute to the character of Lincoln, and was heard with interest by the men to whom the years have brought a better conception of the personality of the great President.—Georgian.

The Georgian also printed Dr. Lee's address in full



THE PROCEEDINGS.

The service began promptly at 7:30, with an organ Prelude-Variations on "The Suwanee River" (Flagler), by Mr. Charles A. Sheldon, Jr., organist and musical director of Trinity Church, followed by the anthem "Praise the Lord" (Randegger), by the choir of the church, Miss Rubie Brook, Soprano; Mrs. Arthur Creviston, Alto; Mr. R. D. Armour, Tenor; Mr. Joseph Hubbard, Bass.

The Chairman: Ladies and gentlemen, friends, fellow citizens: We are met on a solemn and distinguished and inspiring occasion. Under an order from the general headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic, a committee of O. M. Mitchel Post of this city has prepared a program, and we have received the hearty and enthusiastic cooperation of our friends in the camps of Confederate Veterans. They have seemed not only glad to participate in this occasion, but glad of an occasion to bring us all together.

The occurrence of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln has profoundly impressed the entire nation, but among the thousands of commemorative meetings, doubtless there is not another just like this in which the men who in Mr. Lincoln's life-time were arrayed against each other, are united harmoniously and enthusiastically to do honor to his memory.

This meeting is a testimony to the loyalty and good faith of the men of Atlanta. It shows that we "look up and not down, forward and not back, and lend a hand" to the promotion of progress and peace and good will in all the nation, and that we "keep step to the music of the Union;" and it piles a little higher the earth on top of the buried hatchet.

We will all rise, and sing three verses of hymn No. 383, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," first, second and third verses.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus Going on before. Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe; Forward into battle, See, his banners go.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that can not fail.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Rev. Dr. Sherrill, Dean of Atlanta Theological Seminary, will read a portion of Scripture.

REV. Dr. SHERRILL: I will read the 46th Psalm.

- 1. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.
- Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
- 3. Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
- There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
- 5. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.
- The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.
- The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.
- Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.
- 9. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariet in the fire.

- 10. Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
- The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

The Chairman: Everybody in Atlanta, unless he is too recent a comer, knows and loves General Evans, the distinguished Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. He will lead us in prayer.

GEN. EVANS: O! Thou who art the God of all Nations and Father of all mankind, grant to us the spirit of full fellowship with one another in this hour of sacred worship. May Thy Name be hallowed in the united prayer and praise of all these Thy people. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us, and deliver us from all evil thought, feeling, and acts forever.

Thy Throne, O God, is forever and ever. Kings and princes fail, and empires pass away, but Thy Kingdom can never be moved. May Thy Kingdom come, and Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Thy will, O God, is our law and Thy love is our hope.

We are grateful to Thee for the gift to us of this our great country, that we may make it glorious, as the abiding place of true liberty, brotherly union, and pure religion. God grant that in this day of its power our Country shall lead all nations into the security of righteousness, and the enjoyment of happiness. Help us to honor and emulate all that is

great and good in our history;—and in the lives of our forefathers, and of all our illustrious countrymen who have contributed to our country's greatness, and let this year be made memorable as the epoch of perfect patriotic concord among all the people of the United States. For Thine is the Kingdom and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

THE CHAIRMAN: We will sing two verses of hymn No. 556, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," After the singing, the usual evening offering of this church will be received, without further announcement. The church officers will please be ready.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

During the taking of the offering, the choir rendered the anthem, "Now the Day is Over." (Shelly).

THE CHAIRMAN: Everyone knows that the poem beginning "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," was a favorite of Mr. Lincoln's, and it is

deemed fitting that it should constitute a number in the program on such an occasion as this. It will be read by a gentleman who was a gallant officer on the Staff of General John B. Gordon and General Stephen D. Lee, who is now our highly regarded fellow-citizen, Colonel Thompson Hardin Jones, of Camp A, Wheeler's Cavalry; and also of Atlanta Camp 159, Confederate Veterans.

Col. T. H. Jones: It may be appropriate to the occasion before reading the favorite poem of Mr. Lincoln, that I should recite an incident which transpired in my own experience in the last days of the sixties.

On March 24th, 1865, I was captured while on a scout inside the Federal lines and carried to Clarksville, Tenn., where I was held as a prisoner until in June following the closing of the war in May.

I have no complaint to make of my imprisonment, as I was treated kindly and humanely by my captors, and had many more privileges allowed me than might have been expected under the circumstances. The Sergeant of the prison guard was from Illinois, and a neighbor and friend of Mr. Lincoln. He was particularly kind to me, and we often discussed very freely from our respective points of view the merits of the great struggle and of our leaders. One morning he burst into my room with horror and grief written on his face and cried out: "The President is dead; Mr. Lincoln was assassinated at a theater in Washington last night!"

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, "What coward could have committed such a dastardly and horrible deed?"

After a moment of thought he suddenly said: "Do you believe the Confederate Government or the South had anything to do with this?"

Promptly and indignantly I repudiated the suggestion, and told him with some warmth that he knew such an act was not in keeping with the high sense of honor, character and courage of the South. He agreed with me after a moment, and we decided that the crime must have been committed by some crank or crazy fanatic. But I will never forget how, as he was leaving me, he paused at the door and lifting his hand impressively as he turned, said: "The South has lost the best friend she had in the North, and one who could and would have done more to help her in time of need than any one else in the world." And in my heart I could not but feel that he was right.

Looking back over the past tonight through the long vista of years with all the trials and triumphs of a reunited country, I can but feel that had Mr. Lincoln lived the South would have been spared much of the horror and distress of the dark days of the reconstruction period.

Mr. Lincoln was preeminently a good and a great man, loving his fellow man, and loving his country above all, as was indicated in the story told of his notable conference with Alexander H. Stephens of the Confederacy when after long discussion as to some satisfactory basis for adjustment of differences and final termination of the war without further bloodshed, Mr. Lincoln said, pointing to the paper that lay on a table: "Let me write UNION at the head of that paper, and you may write anything you please beneath it." Whether this is a true story or not, it serves to illustrate his all-absorbing devotion to the Union.

Through all Mr. Lincoln's kind and tender nature ran a strain of melancholy and deep religious sentiment, as indicated by his choice of his favorite poem, which I will now present to you.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud, The flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old and the low and the high Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved, The mother that infant's affection who proved, The husband that mother and infant who blest, Each, all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by; And the mem'ry of those who loved her and praised Are alike from the minds of the living erased. The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne, The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn, The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven, The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven, The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed That withers away to let others succeed, So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been; We see the same sights our fathers have seen; We drink the same streams, and view the same sun, And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think, From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink; To the life we are clinging they also would cling, But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold; They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold; They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come; They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay, they died. We things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and rain; And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge, Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath, From the blossom of health to the paleness of death, From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud—Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The Chairman: A particular interest in my mind attaches to a man who knew Mr. Lincoln, or who even saw him. I used to look with something like reverence on a venerable neighbor in my former place of residence, who was present at Cooper Union, in New York, in February, 1860, forty-nine years ago, and heard the famous "Cooper Union Speech," which did so much toward making Mr. Lincoln president. I voted for Mr. Lincoln at his second election, but I never saw him in life.

You may therefore fancy the thrill of interest I feel, when I tell you that there sits on this platform, a gentleman who, as a young army officer, was in the car with Mr. Lincoln going from Washington to Gettysburg, in November, 1863, and saw him write, and then sat near him, and heard him deliver that immortal world-classic which we know as the "Gettysburg Address." He will now read that address: Brigadier-General J. W. Scully, United States Army, retired.

GENERAL SCULLY:

Fellow Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As Comrade Carson has told you, I did ride in the same car with President Lincoln, though not from Washington, as he says, but from Baltimore, to Gettysburg. Comrade Carson also remarked that I was a "young officer at the time. I certainly was a young man, but I held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was designated by the Military Governor of Tennessee, on whose staff I then was, to represent him on that occasion. I met the President's train at Baltimore, and there General Robert C. Schenck, who then commanded the Military Department in which Gettysburg was situated, attached me to his staff. I was introduced to the President, and rode in his car to Gettysburg.

Now, it has been said and written, over and over again, that Mr. Lincoln did not write that address while on the way; and in fact prominent personages have denied that he wrote it at all; but while a hundred, or more, may not have seen him write it, their testimony is altogether negative; but I know that at least half a dozen did see him write it, and of whom I was one. I saw him take a pad from the hand of some one; sit down in his "state room;" and write something that he held in his hand while delivering that speech.

During the ceremonies at Gettysburg, I sat right in front of him, not over thirty feet from the platform, and well do I remember his appearance as he approached the front: that tall, ungainly figure; that sad expression of countenance that Colonel Jones just told you about; those long arms; those large hands, folded and clasping a scrap of paper that he never looked at during the delivery of that remarkable oration. It made an impression on me that has lasted to this hour.

Often since then I have applied to that occasion those beautiful lines of Lady Wilde:

"On his brow a mighty doom,

Be it grandeur, be it gloom,

The shadow of a Crown it was wearing!"

It may be noted here, and probably remembered by historical readers, that all the great Emancipators in history met tragical deaths: Moses was "taken to where no man knoweth, even unto this day"; Spartacus, who freed the slaves of Rome, was afterwards slain on the field of battle; Jesus, who emancipated the minds, the thoughts, the Souls of humanity, died on Calvary's Cross; Alexander of Russia, who struck the shackles off hundreds of thousands of serfs, was slain by a bomb, thrown by the hand of one of the very people whom he had emancipated; and Abraham Lincoln was killed by a crazy actor, a professional "Tragedian," who had not a scintilla of reason, or cause, for that atrocious act, his last tragedy.

Speaking of Crowns, I may be permitted to quote from your "Poet Priest" of the South—the author

of "The Conquered Banner"—: "Crowns of Roses Fade, Crowns of Thorns Endure; Calvaries and Crucifixes take Deepest Hold upon the Chronicles of Nations!" So, the bullet that sped from the pistol of John Wilkes Booth, placed a Crown upon the brow of Abraham Lincoln that will never be removed while Liberty lives, or while Literature lasts, The Crown of Immortality!

I shall now read the "Gettysburg Address."

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us-that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion-that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain-that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom-and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

The Chairman: We come now to the Oration on Abraham Lincoln. From one point of view, it seems absurd for me to rise in this place to introduce Dr. Lee to an Atlanta audience. His father was a gallant Georgia soldier through the war, in Gen. Colquitt's command, but I believe there is no man in Atlanta so well qualified by the character of his mind, and by special studies, to speak upon this topic, as the distinguished and beloved citizen who is the pastor of Trinity Methodist Church. I count it an honor and a privilege to present to you, the Reverend James W. Lee, Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Lee:

"All things work together for good to them who love God, to them who are called according to His purpose."—Romans xiii, 28.

In his essay on German literature, Thomas Carlyle declares that "There is a divine idea pervading the visible universe; which visible universe is indeed but its symbol and sensible manifestation, having in itself no meaning or even true existence independent of it. To the mass of men this divine idea lies hidden; yet to discern it and seize it and live wholly in it is the condition of all genuine virtue, knowledge, freedom and the end, therefore, of all spiritual effort in every age."

This is the interpretation given by a master in literature of the words of the text. The machinery of the universe works for good to all those who



James Whee



discern and seize and wholly live in the divine idea at its heart. Here we have a principle by which to account for the continuous activity and influence of every great man in history. The universal order publishes larger and larger editions of the men who discern and seize and wholly live in the divine idea history is gradually unfolding. Because of this, newly-bound copies of Abraham and Moses and Isaiah and St. Paul are issued by the wheel work of the centuries for the readers of every passing age. Those who are the called according to His purpose are such as yield to the pressure of the eternal intention of the Almighty and expend their spiritual efforts in the direction it urges.

1. The contemporaries of a distinguished man can not know the place he is to take in history. They are too close to him to see all there is of him if he be really great, and too near to quite measure his diminutiveness if his prominence be due to the accidents of external estate or official position. A time exposure of nearly eight centuries was required for Sabatier to get the picture he took of St. Francis and published in his "Life of St. Francis of Assisi."

The clods that fall upon their graves close the careers of the rank and file of men. It is only now and then that one of our race appears on the planet with wealth of being stored in his soul too great to be locked inside a tomb, who lives again, not only in eternity, but throughout all time:

"In minds made better by their presence, live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night-like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

Such a man was Abraham Lincoln.

2. His mortal remains were consigned to their last resting place forty-four years ago, but the further away we get from the day of his funeral and from the few feet of ground enriched by his sleeping dust, the more clearly is it understood that there was little of Lincoln John Wilkes Booth was able to kill, and a very small part of him his loved ones were able to bury.

Lincoln belonged to that class of men who learn in consecrated service the secret of the resurrection, and who discover and practice the method of finding themselves for this world and the next, by losing themselves before they cease to breathe. Lincoln did not wait for the judgment trump of the last day to call him from the dead. While alive in the flesh, he conformed to eternal principles and by them was transformed into an incorruptible citizen of all the ages.

3. Not by any process of analysis can one determine the particular gift, or power, or accomplishment, it was in Lincoln that won for him the favor of the years. It is well known that time can neither be flattered nor bribed. Not without good reason

are favors shown this mortal or that by the tearless order of the flying suns. When the centuries are found conspiring to augment the worth and fame of a man, it may be known absolutely, that he was of value, beyond the capacity of the time in which he lived to express. It is the habit of the universe. always and everywhere, to mete out to every one exact justice. When, therefore, we see the investment a person makes of himself in his own age, constantly drawing large installments of interest in succeeding times, we may know that he failed to get all that was due him while he lived. The contemporaries of Bruno did not appreciate him sufficiently to grant him standing room during his natural life. They burnt him on the Campo dei Fiori in the city of Rome. But in 400 years, the life capital he left had so increased in value that his countrymen found the amount large enough to build him a monument, which now stands in the neighborhood of the spot from which he started to heaven in a chariot of flame four centuries ago.

4. Abraham Lincoln has grown more during the years that have elapsed since he was assassinated than any other man of all history ever did in a half century after his death. It took 400 years in the case of Bruno to convert his pyre into his monument, but it has taken only fifty years in the case of Lincoln to convert the bullet of his assassin into many shafts of marble, and into as many monuments

of affection as there are hearts beating in the breasts of civilized human beings.

- 5. How are we to account for this subtle, intangible, growing personal reality, rising round us like an atmosphere, we represent to ourselves by the name of Lincoln? It was not his statesmanship. Hamilton was a more brilliant master of the structure and functions of government. It was not his oratory. He never reached the level of magnetic speech perpetually maintained by Webster. It was not simply his gift of boundless common sense. In this respect, Benjamin Franklin was his equal. It was not his devotion to the cause of abolition simply. Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison did more to create and direct the moral conviction that gave to the slaves their freedom. It was not merely because he was the chief executive of the republic during the stormiest period of the national history, and managed to conduct it through the most terrific civil war ever waged. There were others who might have guided the ship of state through the storms that imperiled its existence. We must look deeper than his words, deeper than his deeds, deeper than the official position he held, to find the source of Lincoln.
- 6. In the words of the text, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and in the interpretation of these words by Carlyle, we find the principle by the aid of which we can account for Lincoln, and for every other man whose name the passing ages can not blot from the memory of our

race. Whoever in any age discerns and seizes and wholly lives in the divine idea history is unfolding insures the publication of himself in larger and larger volumes with every clearer and completer expression of that idea.

7. Plato discerned and seized and wholly lived in the divine idea it is the function of philosophy to interpret, hence speculative thinkers for twentyfive centuries have kept his work fresh in the memory of thoughtful men. Copernicus wholly lived in the divine idea expressed in the constellations, and henceforth the morning stars can never sing together without magnifying the glory of his genius. Darwin, born the same year, the same month and the same day with Lincoln, identified himself wholly with the divine idea expressed in the method of creation, hence all nature, through its flowers and through its birds, will never cease to fill the sky with perfume and melody in honor of his achievements. The divine idea Lincoln wholly lived in was not the intellectual aspects of it, with which speculative thought is concerned; nor the biological aspects of it with which naturalists are concerned; nor the mechanical aspects of it with which astronomers are concerned; but it was the distinctly human aspect of it, with which lovers and martyrs and heroes are concerned. The universities will guard the fortunes of Plato, the observatories will keep fresh the memory of Copernicus; the naturalists will take care of the interests of Darwin, but humanity,

aching, struggling, suffering, despairing, triumphing, will recount to itself over and over again, until the last page of human history is written, the courage, the patience, the pity and the sacrifice of Lincoln. The poor belated negroes, slaves to petty kings in Africa, slaves to humane masters in America, but nevertheless slaves, until Lincoln, by a stroke of the pen, knocked the shackles from off their limbs, will never cease, in time or eternity, to lift their dark faces in gratitude to him as their savior from bondage.

8. Soldiers in blue, and soldiers in gray, more of whom now march amid the hills of day than drag their weary feet over the scenes of conflict, are able to see, by the light of a larger, sweeter time, territory sufficient in the heart of Lincoln for all brave men to stand and love, and the armies of Grant and the armies of Lee, now, thank God, united on earth and united in heaven, will both regard the martyred president as their commander-in-chief to all eternity. The sections have learned in fifty years that it is better to convert their energies into the flying shuttles of commerce to weave the people together than it is to turn them into minie balls to shoot the people apart. No man's future is safer for the time to come than that of Abraham Lincoln. He wholly lived in the divine idea at the bottom of the American union. He identified himself with the central current of our national life. We can not move toward the fulfillment of our destiny as a people without perpetually witnessing the spirit of Lincoln, accompanying us, like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. The greater we become as a power among the nations, the wider becomes the scope of our commerce, the stronger becomes our influence for unity, world-wide and universal, the greater and wider and stronger will become Lincoln, who sought in his life to harmonize a divided people, and dying left a legacy of sympathy and tenderness and sacrifice which, by its "mild persistence," has reunited forever in the bonds of undying love the members of the national household.

- 9. It would not be true to say that Lincoln was superior in this or that respect to all other men who lived in our country between the years of 1809 and 1865. But it is true that he, more than any other, charged with the responsibility of national affairs, did discern and seize and wholly live in the divine idea it seems to be the purpose of Providence to realize through these United States. It was his complete conformity to the central purpose of this nation, as he had light to see it, that gives him his unique and growing place in history.
- 10. The men for whose good the machinery of the universe works and whose lives it republishes with every revolution of its wheels, are not always the strongest men in intellectual endowment or administrative ability. Nero had, perhaps, as much or more native ability than Saint Paul, but Nero threw himself across the purpose of God, and was ground

to powder by it, while Saint Paul directed his life parallel with it, and hence lives in larger and larger measures with the gradual unfolding of the divine purpose. Napoleon was a much greater force than Wellington, but Napoleon was left discomfited and broken by the roadway of events, while Wellington was chosen to move on down the years at the head of his invincible columns. Herbert Spencer had intellectual ability equal to that of Hegel, but the English thinker built his system across the track of advancing thought, and had the sorrow of seeing it smashed by the engine of things, before he died, while the German thinker, lifting up his system parallel with the universal order, and hitched to the purpose at its center, will enjoy the happiness of perpetually teaching the human mind.

11. It often happens that the noblest men discern and seize and wholly live in an idea they take to be divine, but which, when subjected to the test of time, turns out to lead away from the track of history. The real test, therefore, of the greatness of one who has played a prominent part on the stage of human affairs, is this: how completely did he discern and build upon an idea moving toward realization in the eternities. A great and consecrated man may choose a promising idea, and upon it as a foundation, build of gold, or silver, or precious stones, or wood, or hay, or stubble, but inevitably the day of Judgment comes, and then his work is made manifest, for the day shall declare it. Every man's work is

tried, and it is known in every case, finally, of what sort it is. If a man's work abide which he hath built upon an eternal foundation, he shall receive a reward, both for his work and for the wisdom that guided him in choosing the right idea upon which to build. But if a good man's work shall be burnt because built on a wrong idea, he shall suffer the loss of all his effort in the performance of that work, but he himself shall be saved yet so as by fire. Lincoln's work has stood the tests of fifty years of judgment days. It has been revealed through fire of what sort it was and is. He is now being rewarded both for his work and for the insight that led him to build on an eternal foundation. Those of us who left the union fifty years ago were just as good and great and consecrated as were those who remained in it. Our works, too, were of gold, and silver, and precious stones, but the idea we selected as a foundation upon which to build was not moving in the track of events. Our Southern Confederacy has been burnt, but the patriotism, devotion, consecration, which took form in its fading and passing fortunes, are forever safe. So great are we as a people that it has taken only fifty sad, heart-rending years, to bring us to a national level of good will, upon which it is in the hearts of all to give to the Confederates the same praise for their loyalty to what they believe to be right, and to cover their graves with flowers as deeply beautiful, as to those

who fought on the side of victory and in the direction of the idea the God of history is unfolding.

The people of this country, North and South, have come to a point of view, high enough above the level of fifty years ago to appreciate the good and great men on both sides of the question that separated them once into contending armies. Think of a service like this tonight, held in a city that was burned to the ground forty-five years ago by order of the commander-in-chief of the Federal army, whose memory we meet here to honor. Nothing like it before ever took place in all history. It is a strange and a great thing under the sun. To what unexpected heights is this movement toward fraternity and affection to move? How much higher are the waters of good will to rise? If they continue to climb they will finally reach the shores upon which New York and Boston are situated, so that a memorial service in honor of Jefferson Davis will be held in those quarters, where they once hated Mr. Davis as thoroughly as we did Mr. Lincoln. Let the waves of fraternity swell, until they shall cover every patch of territory and island that separated us.

Theodore Roosevelt, half Georgian and half Dutchman, now the best loved president who has occupied his exalted position since Washington, when a young man, referred to Jefferson Davis as the arch traitor, but recently upon his return from a hunting trip in Louisiana, congratulated the people of Mississippi for contributing to the country

the illustrious name of Jefferson Davis, and praised them for the honors they had conferred upon that great man.

Charles Francis Adams, only a short time ago, made the frank statement that he was for a long time too prejudiced to read the life of Mr. Davis, but, finally, being led to do so, he declared that he found his character without a blemish.

The difference between Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis was not that they were not both good and great men, but the difference is that Mr. Lincoln took passage on a ship that will sail the seas of time forever, while Mr. Davis made the mistake of getting aboard a vessel that was wrecked, because out of the course mapped by Providence, as the destined way for the people of this country to voyage.

When the Confederates left the sinking Confederacy and walked up the gangway back into the magnificent ship upon which all our people began the voyage to the future, the great captain was cold in death, but had he been alive he would have shared his last dollar and his last drop of heart's blood with the brave men who had been sailing in perilous seas, but who at length were coming back to the vessel we will all sail in to the shores of eternity.

In his "Reminiscences of the Civil War" General John B. Gordon relates a touchingly beautiful ineident, illustrative of the feelings, deep down in their hearts, common to the soldiers of both the Union and Confederate Armies. Once, on opposite sides of the Rapidan River, Northern and Southern troops were encamped. As no orders were coming from those in command of the contending forces for an exchange of lead, the plain soldiers of the two armies began to hurl from one side to the other notes of their favorite songs. The engagement in sentiment was opened by breaking the stillness of the April twilight from the Northern side of the river with the strains of "Hail Columbia, Happy Land." In response to this volley of emotion, fired from brave hearts in blue, the air was set to vibrating from the Southern bank of the river by the thrilling words of "Dixie" thrown from the throats in gray.

Then a lone volunteer, with chords in his soul which songs from neither bank of the Rapidan had seemingly touched, lifted up his voice in the immortal words of "Home, Sweet Home," when the men of both armies, as if moved from heaven, forgot all points of the national compass, and without reference to who was right or who was wrong, to flags of truce, or terms of surrender, re-established the Union on the spot, by getting together in the sectionless music of John Howard Payne's spirit. Little did those brave men think, fifty years ago, when their voices were reverberating through the Virginia hills to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," that they were not only filling the sky with melody,

but also with prophecy, which those of us who meet here tonight have lived to see fulfilled.

"Hail Columbia" is now domesticated in the South, and "Dixie" is tumultuously at home in the North, and both songs have been purified from all sectional flavor through the wondrous alembic of good will.

"We are all back in the home of our fathers," in the language of Mr. Benjamin H. Hill, "and we are here to stay forever."

The choir rose spontaneously and sang, "Home, Sweet Home,"

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again; The birds singing gaily, that come at my call; Give me them, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile, And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile. Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam, But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, over-burdened with care. The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there; No more from that cottage again will I roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. Dr. M. J. Cofer, of Camp 159, and chaplain of the Georgia State Division, Confederate Veterans, rose in his place about the center of the house and said, "Mr. Chairman, on behalf of the Gray, I move that a vote of thanks be tendered by this audience to Rev. Dr. Lee for the wise, patriotic and religious address to which we have just listened." Mr. C. R. Haskins, of the Grand Army Post, rose to second the motion on behalf of the Blue.

The motion was unanimously carried by a rising vote.

The Chairman: No. 702, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." I think we can sing this hymn as we never sang it before. Afterward the benediction will be pronounced by General Evans.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Proteet us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

BENEDICTION.

General Evans: Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing so that we may go away with our minds and hearts filled with love for one another—love for our country, and love for our God. Amen.

Organ postlude — Variations on "America" (Rink), Mr. Charles A. Sheldon, Jr.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

The Lincoln memorial meeting reported in this pamphlet has attracted wide attention and many letters have been received by Rev. Dr. Lee in regard to it. The Springfield *Republican* reprints the substance of the report in the *Georgian* and almost the whole of Dr. Lee's address.

A very remarkable and interesting expression is in a letter from the son of President Lincoln, which is as follows:

(Copy.)

CHICAGO, ILL., February 20, 1909. 60 Lake Shore Drive.

THE REV. JAMES W. LEE, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.

My dear Sir:

I thank you very heartily for your kindness in sending me the report of the memorial service in Trinity church upon the anniversary of my father's birth. None of the occurrences of last week have affected me so much as this meeting, as an indication of the realization of the hopes which I think guided every act of his while President. It is dramatic that this proof should come from a city destroyed by one of the armies under his supreme command, and be presented by Confederate soldiers, listening with approval to an address of such eloquence and patriotic feeling as yours. As his son, I am very grateful for the meeting, and more than grateful for your distinguished part in it.

As General Scully spoke of the Gettysburg address and of the circumstances under which he thought it was written, I think you will be interested in knowing the facts about it, as related by my father's secretary, Mr. Nicolay, and I am therefore sending to you a re-print of an article written by Mr. Nicolay in 1894. From it you will see that my father probably wrote a short ad-

dress before the beginning of the journey and only changed it slightly just before its delivery. I think it improbable that he could have secured a minute to himself in his car filled with people even to reflect as to his words for the next day. Renewing to you the assurances of my grateful feelings, I am,

Very sinceely yours,
(Signed) ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

The following is from Rev. Dr. Rhodes, Pastor of St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. Louis, and member of the International Sunday School Lesson Committee.

(Copy.)

St. Louis, Mo., February 22nd, 1909. 4444 Washington Boulevard.

My dear Dr. Lee:

I thank you most heartily for the Lincoln address. I have read it with deepest interest. I have seen nothing on the great and good Lincoln that makes any approach to your own masterly effort. For original thought, wise discrimination, far-reaching insight into God's great world-purpose, and wonderful interpretation of the philosophy of God's working in the world, it stands alone. This is not visionary, but my calm judgment. It is entirely too valuable a production to be lost. It should be put into permanent form. Its value is increased because it is from a Southern man. I saw Lincoln after he was dead. Of course, I voted for him first and last and had an almost passionate admiration for him. How marvelously God works. I long for your return, dear brother, you were naughty for leaving me when the evening is falling about me. Love and God's blessing to you and Most sincerely, yours.

(Signed) M. RHODES.

The following is from a member of LaFayette Post G. A. R. in New York City to Col. W. M. Scott of O. M. Mitchel Post:

COL. W. M. SCOTT,

Atlanta, Ga.

My dear Colonel:

I am in receipt of your package containing Atlanta paper of February 15th. I think the address by Dr. Lee is one of the finest things I ever read, and thank you very much for sending me the paper. New York was full of the Lincoln eelebration on the 12th, but there was nothing I heard that was as grand as Dr. Lee's talk. The same spirit prevails in the North that seems to be advancing in the South. I think the "Blue" and the "Gray" will march together on Memorial Day in New York the same as in other places. Remember me as ever,

Your sincere friend,

ALBERT B. VORHIS.

From Ex-Governor Van Sant of Minnesota:

St. Petersburg, Fla., February 24, 1909.

Dear Comrade:

* * Yes, we are a united people now, and I am much pleased to see the people of the South so patriotic. * * * Cordially, S. R. Van Sant.

From General Louis Wagner, President Third National Bank, Philadelphia:

PHILADELPHIA, February 18, 1909.

W. M. Scott, Esq.,

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir and Comrade:

Many thanks for the copy of *The Atlanta Georgian and News* of the 15th instant, with marked article entitled: "In Tribute to Lincoln, Former Foemen Join," which you have kindly sent me. You had a profitable gathering in connection with the celebration of the Lincoln Centennial.

Yours truly, Louis Wagner.

Many similar letters have been received.

